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For the Myrtle.

I Wonder.

FOR SIX CHILDREN.

First.

I WONDER, when at school 'tis wrong
For scholars to be late,
And by their names is quickly set
A mark we all do hate;
Why when at church the tardy come—
Wherefore they cannot tell—
Then the black mark against their name
Should not be placed as well.
The minister might stop his work,
And call each name out plain;
I guess they there would think they had
The mark of wicked Cain.

Second.

I wonder why, since it is wrong
God's name to take in vain,
And from this sin we're ever taught
To faithfully abstain;
Why any one should ever use
Such words as oft we hear,
Which sound so much like wicked ones,
They 're much the same, we fear.
The Bible tells us we must shun
E'en that which looks wrong.
Then never use low, idle words,
But be in virtue strong.

Third.

Since we the holy Sabbath day,
Should ever keep with care,
And early to the house of God,
Should cheerfully repair,
I wonder why that grown up folks,
So often stay away,
Because the weather suits them not,
A cold or rainy day,
While well we know, what oft we've seen,
That business of the week
Is promptly done, nor do they then
For such excuses seek.

Fourth.

As we should never tell a lie,
Nor a false witness be,
I wonder why so many folks,
We everywhere may see,
Should say to us such foolish things,
I'm sure they do not mean.
Which never had a word of truth,
That's plainly to be seen.
We like good stories very well
And task your wits, we know,
Still only tell us truthful ones,
And mind the seed you sow.

Fifth.

I wonder why our parents take
Such pains, to have us go
To Sunday school, each Sabbath day
And watchful care bestow,
When they so very seldom come
To aid us on our way.
But when we try to question them,
They always answer "nay,"
If they would have us learn what's right
That we God's will may do,
It seems to me the better way
That they should learn it too.

Sixth.

The Golden Rule we're taught to love
And unto others give
The same kind deeds we'd wish from them,
And ever peaceful live.
Oh! now I wonder, wonder why
So few obey this rule;
Perhaps they learn it differently,
From us at Sunday school.
I guess they think it reads like this,—
We may to others show
The spirit that they show to us,
Be it for weal or woe.

All in Concert.

We know we are but children small,
And very far from wise,
So oft these things do puzzle us,
Before our very eyes.
For people will not seek to do
What patiently they teach.
Failing often here to practice
What realously they preach.
Now we ask that you will help us
This mystery to scan,
And to our various questions
Make answer—if you can.

A. M. W. C.

For the Myrtle.

Celebrating the Fourth of July.

CHAPTER II.

FTER Mr. Macomber and Henry were gone, Peter tried a great many ways to amuse himself, to pass the time away till their return.

Nothing can be much more miserable for man or boy, than this attempt to kill time. It is wretched ingratitude to God, who has given us the hours to use. Why should we squander time, more than money?

But Peter did not take this view of it, and so he fed his anxiety all the afternoon, instead of lessening it.

If he had gone resolutely to work, and done some good for some body, he would have made himself much happier. Then the afternoon would not have seemed long to him. There would have been not one hour too many ,and after sunset he would have had the pleasure of thinking that the day had not been spent in vain.

As it was, he wandered from place to place, trying to amuse himself. Going first to the barn, the empty stalls from which the horses had been taken, reminded him only the more of his loneliness.

Then he tried the barn-yard. But the hens and chickens and geese and ducks, set up such a cackle, and cluck, and sputter, that he was glad to beat a retreat from there, saying:

"You needn't make such a fuss, I guess nobody wants to associate with you if their company is not wanted."

Going out thence he said to himself.

"I'll go and see now if father and Henry are not coming."

So he runs to the road, and looks down it.

Then he laughed at his own folly, for the wagon was not yet out of sight on its way toward town.

Then he went back to the barn, and creeping up into the loft, he spent a half hour in hunting hen's eggs.

Not that he expected to find any. He knew that the hens had been shut away from that part of the barn, and could not by any possibility have laid their eggs there. But then he remembered how many good times he and Henry had had hunting eggs, in the days when the hens were allowed to go there, and he said to himself,

"I'll play that there are hens eggs here, and I can have just as good time hunting, as if there were."

So the half hour was wasted. Then he lay down on the hay, and tried to go to sleep.

This he did not succeed in doing, as he had slept well the night before, and was in no need for more sleep.

Then he tried the swing. He was very fond of swinging, and could usually be happy for a long time there.

But he found himself not inclined to swing. And he turned away from that saying:

"This is lonely work without Henry. I think I'll try some thing else."

Then he thought of the traps, and said to himself,

"I'll go and take a look at the traps. It may be that I have caught something, and shall have game to surprise Henry with, when he comes home."

So he ran away into the fields to look at the traps.

When he passed the place where the turkey's nest had been, he stopped, turned back, and kicked the place vigorously with his foot.

I don't know just what good he expected to do by this. But I catch a hint from what he said. As he was kicking, his tongue flew as fast as his feet.

"I'll make a finish of you, you dirty old nest. I never disturbed you before. But they said I did, and I might as well have the name as the game. I wonder how the old turkey would feel if she were to see me tearing her house to pieces. I wonder what mother would say."

And then the foolish boy walked on, knowing very well that neither his mother, nor the turkey, cared what happened to that old nest.

But he tried to think that he had had some satisfaction in being spiteful to it.

After a little he began to think about this folly, and he said to himself,

"I spent a good deal of temper, and some shoe-leather, over that old nest, and nothing came of it after all. I wonder if that was the best thing I could have done with my time.

I guess it was foolish. But I saw Mr. Murphy kick his hat the other day when it blew off his

head, and led him such a chase as it ran away before the wind. What men do, I should think boys might imitate."

Then Peter walked more slowly, for he was thinking so deeply that the weight of his thoughts slackened the pace of his feet.

"Why should I have done that foolish thing because I saw a man make a fool of himself the other day?" he said, "If I am to do everything that I see men doing, I might get drunk, and fight, and do a great many things that would get me perpetually in trouble.

I don't believe that is the way to do. It seems as if every new boy that is born, ought to grow into a new man, and not be like some body else that was made before them.

I suppose that father, and all the men who are living, grew into as good men as they knew how to do. But it seems as if there ought always to be a better than the last good, and the only way any boy can find that out, is by trying to do things in his own way, and not in the way that he has seen somebody else doing them."

While Peter had been thinking, he had gone slower and slower; until he had stopped altogether, and when he remembered himself, he was sitting quite still upon a rock.

"This will never do for me," said he jumping up and running away, as if he were a man of business.

"I shall not get back from my traps before father and Harry get home, if I don't hurry."

Saying this, he quickened his pace, and was soon up at the traps, but found nothing in them, and hurried away again.

He sat longer on the rock than he thought, and the afternoon was nearly spent, before he got back to the house.

When he saw that the sun was setting he clapped his hands with delight.

"Good bye, good bye sun," he cried, "I am glad to see you going. Now for Henry and the fire-crackers."

He did not stop to think, how many busy hands had more work than they knew how to do, before this day was done. He did not think of the anxious ones watching by sick-beds who were praying for the "yet a little longer" sunlight on the face of that drooping sufferer. Nor did he think of those about to be separated from their loved ones, who were holding each precious moment with a miser's grasp. Nor yet, of those who were dying, and prayed for one more hour of daylight in which to look at God's fair world.

"I am glad the day is gone—so, so glad the day is gone."

These were the only words his foolish lips uttered, when he was parting from a day,—one of God's precious gifts to him.

At this moment he saw his father and Harry coming over the hill, and all the desire of his heart seemed centered in that approaching carriage.

He ran out to meet it, and as soon as he was near enough to speak, he called,

"Have you got the fire-crackers Harry?"

The question was not heard the first time, and Peter had to repeat it. By this time the carriage was close to him, and his father stopped the horses, and let him get in and ride back to the house.

"I have got the fire-crackers," Harry replied, "And this is not all, I have got something else, that will please you more than these."

Peter could hardly wait to learn what that something else was, until they arrived at the house where the bundles could be undone. But *you* will have to wait until another chapter of my story, before I permit you to take a peep.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

The Reason Why.

Why were you not at Sunday school this morning?

"I did not have my new hat," said a little girl that loved to dress much.

"I did not get up in time to get ready," said one that is not very industrious.

"I did not know my lesson," said one that would not study.

"I had lost my book, and was all the morning hunting for it," said a careless one.

"I was playing and forgot it," said a thoughtless boy.

"It was too cold," said a little girl with warm clothes and good shoes.

"My teacher is hardly ever there and I thought it was no use to go," said one who wanted a teacher.

"I went to the country and did not get back in time," said an indfferent girl.

"I was sick," said a boy who had eaten all the cake his mother made.

"I staid at home because it rained," said one with a good umbrella.—*Children's Friend.*

For the Myrtle.

By the Brook.

BROTHER and sister on summer's day
All in the golden weather,
Down by the brook in the meadow stay
Fishing for trout together.

Sunlight flickering o'er each head
Leaves in the breezes dancing,
Flowery carpet under them spread,
Bird-wings over them glancing.

Few and small are the fish they land
For all their patient watching,
But oh, how little they understand
The better game they are catching!

A dream and a picture for after years
When far apart they have drifted,—
How fondly they'll see it, through mists of tears,
As memory's veil is lifted!

H. A. B

For the Myrtle.

The "Old Codger."

TWENTY children went tearing down the road to the nearest neighbors to the school-house, as if an army with guns was at their heels.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried Elsie Vane, as she came up the road from home, where she had been after her dinner.

"Oh, there's an old codger up there! There's an old codger in the school-house!" they all cried at once.

"Well, what if there is?" said Elsie. "He is'nt going to kill any body is he?"

"Oh, we don't know," said one little girl with a lisp; "he'th an awful lookin' one, ith'nt he"

And they all declared that he was "an awful looking one," and they would never go back to the school-house, never!

Elsie Vane was a girl with very little nonsense about her. She had been brought up to fear nothing in the world but doing wrong, and to be kind and helpful to the aged and the suffering. So the feeling she had was not of fear but of interest and sympathy for whatever "old codger" might be in the school-house.

"I'm going straight up there," she said, "and see him."

Then there was a great outcry, "Oh, Elsie Vane, *don't* you do it. We shan't let you do it! I shouldn't think you'd *dare* to!" and so on.

"Well, I shall," said Elsie, "and if you don't want to go too, I shall go alone."

They discussed it a few moments, and, ashamed to let her go alone, they concluded to go back. Besides, they were curious to see more of the "old codger," now that somebody showed a bit of courage. But they kept close together and a good way behind Elsie.

Elsie reached the school-house door, and sure enough, just inside sat an old man, in the teacher's chair with his head bowed on his hand. His hair and beard were snowy white, he looked pale and sick and weary, and his clothes were ragged and soiled. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face and bald head. "Poor old man!" thought Elsie, "he looks as if he could never walk a step farther."

What could she do for him? She spoke but he did not answer. She saw the broken pitcher standing by that they kept flowers in, and thought she would bring him some cold water. So she took it to the pump, washed it clean, and filled it with water, while the children stood outside and looked on.

She went in and spoke again. "How do you do, sir?" she said, but he did not answer or look up. Then she gathered up her cambric apron, and gently wiped the perspiration from his head. At that he started and looked up. Elsie saw there was nothing to be afraid of for his eyes were as gentle as those of a child.

"Will you have some water, sir?" she said, holding up the pitcher.

He took it and drank a long, deep draught. Then he handed her the pitcher and rubbed

his hand wearily across his eyes. "Inasmuch"—he began, "Inasmuch—as ye have done it—well its all right—"

"Poor old man," said Elsie to the children, "I don't think he's all right in his mind, and I am going to take him down to our house."

There was another cry of surprise, but the children concluded they would go to.

"Won't you go down to my house, sir?" said Elsie kindly. "I'll go with you, and my mother will get you some dinner."

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "I'll go anywhere—with you."

So Elsie took his hat down from the nail where he had carefully hung it, and put it on his head and he went out with her, the children following behind. Half-way down the road they met the teacher, and she turned around and went with Elsie. Elsie knew by the way the teacher held her hand, that she was glad of what she had done.

Mrs. Vane met the strange cavalcade at the door. When she saw the old man, she took him by the hand and said, "Why Mr. Bartlett, is this you? Come right in, sir. We are glad to see you."

The old man rubbed his hands across his eyes and said, "It's Mrs. Vane, isn't it?"

"Yes," said she, "its Mrs. Vane, just the same as ever.

"That's—all—right," said the old man, and sank into a chair as if he was contented at last.

The children were all surprised, and Elsie and the teacher as well. But while Mrs. Vane was getting his dinner, she told them that the man was an old neighbor of theirs, a most excellent man and a devout Christian, but his mind had beed failing for years, on account of softening of the brain. He had moved away some years before with his daughter and her husband; but she had heard that the poor old gentleman was homesick in the new home. He had probably wandered away and came almost by instinct to the old home. Tears came into Mrs. Vane's eyes as she thought how the memory of his old friends and neighbors must have lived in his darkened mind, to bring him all this weary journey on foot and alone.

When the dinner was ready the old man ate as if he was nearly famished. Mr. Vane said he "must have had a forty-eight hours appetite."

The teacher took the children back to school, and when Elsie got home at night she found the old man had been sleeping all the afternoon.

Her mother had written to his daughter where he might be found, for she knew they must be in great distress about him.

He staid some days with them and Mrs. Vane made him so comfortable with clothing and food and rest that his mind seemed to come back at times quite clear and strong.

In a few days the daughter and her husband arrived. They were rejoiced to find that no harm had befallen him, for they had feared he would die alone and uncared for, in his wanderings. They had sought for him every hour, day and night, until Mrs. Vane's letter arrived to relieve their anxiety.

They felt so deeply about their poor father's desire for his old home, that they bought the place again and moved back.

So Elsie had the old man for a neighbor as long as he lived, and very happy and contented he was. He loved all children and they all loved him in his gentle helplessness. But no was ever to him what Elsie was; and he used to watch her as she flitted in and out about her work or play or did some little act of kindness for him, and say to himself softly—what he thought of at first, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

H. A. B.

Good Night.

Good night, dear child, good night,
Sleep in thy little bed,
So soft, so lily-white,
Beneath thy golden head,
Good night.

Like sunshine on a flower,
Thy tresses stray adown
The pillow in a shower,
And gild thy snowy gown.
Good night.

Feet, restless as the rain,
Your patter dies away
Till morning wakes again,
And calls you out to play.
Good night.

Good night, dear child, good night,
Breathed is thy evening prayer;
Thy watch of angels bright
Comes through the silent air.
Good night.

We yield thee to their care
Until the shadows flee,
Content that they should share
In our felicity.
Good night.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

—The Sunday School at Hiram whose organization and prosperous beginning we recorded so lately is already doing missionary work. A member of the Hiram school, writing for new books, says: "We wish them for the use of a small Sunday School which we have recently started in a small village near by." May their good labor return to them a hundred fold. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

—The youngest members of the Sunday School at Stevens' Plains, about twenty little boys and girls mostly under ten years, took advantage of their parents absence at the State Convention to plan a fair and festival of their own It was such commendable mischief that these good parents helped them on with it when they returned and the festival was held with great success. Tables with fancy articles were provided, all by the children, strawberries and ice cream were a part of the treat, tableaux served as artistic entertainment to the company The tableaux were by the children themselves, and they were highly creditable to the actors. We heard special mention made of the one entitled, "Crowning the Queen" and representations of sentences of the Lord's Prayer. Great shrewdness was displayed in money matters Word was sent to fathers at their business that they would find no supper at home but were expected to come to the vestry for it. And when there, their small waiters, with pencil and card, wrote down orders and reckoned up accounts in a merciless way. Nobody but a small dog, we are told, got in without paying his ten cents, and that was because he belonged in a tableau. The receipts of the fair were about thirty dollars. Part of this had been appropria ed beforehand, as appeared when a small maiden took the floor, called out the pastor, Rev. H. C. Leonard, and with a pretty "maiden speech," presented him with a pair of gold bowed spectacles. To this unexpected and very pleasant surprise Mr. Leonard responded in the happiest manner. With the rest of their fortune the children announce that they are to have the Sunday School room cleaned and brightened up. That will be another "spectacle."

FLORIDA.

—Our good brother, Rev. J. L. C. Griffin, in writing from Milton, Santa Rosa Co., inclosing subscriptions for the MYRTLE, gives an encouraging word for the Sunday School of the First Universalist Church of West Florida. "The school," he says, "is numerically small, but it proceeds with entire regularity, meeting every Sunday. On the 1st of June it was addressed most impressively by Rev. Dr. Warthy, a former pastor of the Baptist Church of Troy, Ala. The affectionate words of that eloquent and excellent man were 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'" We welcome as especial good news these tidings of new Sunday Schools springing up everywhere in the South.

Children's Sunday.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—Children's Sunday was observed at our church in Claremont, N. H., on the 29th of June. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers. Five little children were baptized. Appropriate remarks were made by the pastor, and by Father Warren Skinner. It was a happy occasion for all.

OHIO.

—Children's Sunday was observed June 15th at Blanchester. Boquets brought by teachers and children decorated the church like a bower. The singing was by the school and addresses were made by several lay members of church and school. The evening continued the same exercises—all sacred to the children

PENNSYLVANIA.

—Children's Sunday was observed June 15th at Susquehanna Depot, and consisted of singing by the Sunday School scholars, who were seated on the large platform of the pulpit and in the orchestra in the rear; and the picture of so many children was not only beautiful to see, but a surprise that the school should have grown so large in the short time since it was commenced, in February last. The church was tastefully decorated with fresh flowers, while all the children had wreaths for the head and handsome boquets for the hand. There were six infants dedicated by the pastor, according to the rites of our church. This was the first time this beautiful service had been performed in the church or place, and it created great interest.

VERMONT.

—Children's Sunday was observed at the Church of the Messiah, St. Johnsbury, on the 13th inst. A large congregation witnessed the services with the deepest interest. In the evening the children gave an excellent concert to a full house, which was highly commended.

WISCONSIN.

—Children's Sunday was observed at Prairie du Sac on the 15th. The church was neatly and profusely decorated with mottoes and flowers. After the address at the morning service, eight children were dedicated, receiving the rite of baptism by the pastor, Bro. B. F. Rogers. In the evening there was singing and speaking by the children of the Sunday School. Large audiences were in attendance on both occasions, and the day will long be remembered as one of the happiest of the year.

ILLINOIS.

—The Sunday School in Mt. Pulaski, which is just one year and one month old, had its "Children's Sunday" on the 8th of June. The display of flowers on the occasion was magnificent. The attendance was 160 scholars—more than four times that of any other school in town. Speeches were made by Bros. Ashton, pastor, Conrad, Superintendent, and Doten, all being received with delightful appreciation by the audience. It was indeed a gala day, and our children the centre of attraction. Mrs. Kate Seyfer presided at the organ, and the new singing book, "Pure Diamonds," afforded opportunities for melody which were well improved.

Sunday School Libraries.

The attention of Sunday Schools about purchasing books for their libraries, is called to the fresh and fine stock of books for sale by the Universalist Publishing House. All the books have been carefully examined, and we offer no books to Sunday Schools which contain sentiments not in harmony with the faith of Universalists. Selections have been made from the publications of all booksellers. Should it be more convenient to send for books than to make a selection personally, we are confident of giving perfectly satisfactory selections.

The Myrtle for 1872-3.

The volume of THE MYRTLE for 1872-3 has just closed, and bound volumes of it are for sale at the Universalist Publishing House. Price, $1 50.

Those who have saved the numbers for the year, can have them bound in the fine style of the volume of last year, for 75 cents.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XX.—THOMAS.

Question. — Which of the apostles is mentioned next after Bartholomew?

Answer. — Matt. x. 3.

NOTE.—The word Thomas means a twin.

Q. — Where was the home of Lazarus and his sisters?

A. — John xi. 1.

Q. — When Jesus was told of the death of Lazarus, what did he propose to do?

A. — John x. 7.

Q. — Why did the apostles object to his going to Bethony?

A. — John x. 8.

Q. — When Jesus repeated his proposal to go there, what did Thomas say?

A. — John x. 16.

NOTE. Thomas was a despondent man, ever taking dark views of every event and every prospect. So far from being a hopeful, he was a hopeless man.

Q. — When Jesus was about to leave his disciples, and was urging them not to be troubled about their future, what words of doubt and fear did Thomas speak to him?

A. — John xiv, 5.

Q. — Which of the apostles was absent when Jesus first showed himself to his followers after his resurrection?

A. — John xx. 24.

Q. — When the other disciples told Thomas that they had seen Jesus, what did Thomas say?

A. — John xx. 25.

NOTE. It was difficult for Thomas to believe anything which was not proved by his senses. And he cannot believe in the resurrection of his Master unless the senses of seeing and feeling prove his presence.

Q. — How long was it after this assertion of Thomas before Jesus appeared to his disciples again?

A. — John xx. 26.

Q. — What did he request Thomas to do?

A. — John xx. 27,

Q. — What was the effect upon Thomas?

A. — John xx. 28.

Q. — What lesson in faith did Jesus now give to Thomas?

A. — John xx. 29.

Q. — At what event was Thomas present, after this?

A. — John xxi. 2-14.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of 79 letters.
My 35, 1, 27, 78, 54, 69, 72 is what Jesus sometimes taught by.
My 51, 52, 53, 5, 55 is what we should do.
My 6, 7, 4, 5, 8, 76 is the name of the book in which God is not mentioned.
My 75, 25, 26, 76, 79, 11, 39, 74, 38, 2, 34 never ending.
My 28, 42, 35, 51. 15, 9, 19 is the name of an old time disease.
My 67, 20, 44, 46, 30 is one to whom Paul wrote an epistle.
My 22, 56, 39, 47, 16, 41, 26, 77, 31 is a "will."
My 71, 60, 61, 72 is not coarse.
My 45, 6, 49, 57, 63, 25, 42 become.
My 21, 68, 36, 37 a part of speech.
My 54, 32, 14, 40, 17, 18, 19 is a road.
My 33, 29, 13, 70, 12, 24, 50 a country Palestine.
My 62, 51, 58, 48, 10 never tells a falsehood.
My 64, 23, 66, 28, 1, 3 is a large city.
My 65 is a personal pronoun.
My whole is a verse in the Bible. *Flo.*

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 12, 8, 11, 13 is one of the passions.
My 8, 6, 6 is a girl's name.
My 14, 5, 3, 7 is what men sometimes do.
My 1, 10, 3, 4 is one of the passions.
My 12, 2, 14, 9 is the name of a cape.
My whole is a command of Christ's.

Young Pilgrim.

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